

[Hackies' Stories (Third Installment)]

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK Days Forms to be Filled out for Each Interview

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

STATE New York

NAME OF WORKER Marion Charles Hatch

ADDRESS 862 First Ave. New York

DATE Dec. 13, 1938

SUBJECT HACKIES' STORIES, (THIRD INSTALLMENT.)

1. Date and time of interview

Tuesday afternoon Dec. 13, 1938 Taxi Drivers Union of Greater New York Union Hiring Hall, 1947 Broadway

2. Place of interview

3. Name and address of informant

Stories by Sam Tufel, Ruby Moscowits, Max Brand, Jack Ryan.

4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant.

5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you

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6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

Because of the circumstances surrounding the collection of these stories I am not, at present, filling out forms B and D.

If stories are published please change names of informants.

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK

FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

STATE New York

NAME OF WORKER Marion Charles Hatch

ADDRESS 862 First Ave., New York

DATE Dec. 13, 1938

SUBJECT HACKIES' STORIES, (THIRD INSTALLMENT.) THE HAPPY APPLE PUSHER

Told by Max Brand

Michael O'Brian was parked in front of the Hotel Mc Alpin. The doorman called him for a fare. The fare got into his cab and he told him he wanted to go to Grand Central Station. It was a poor night for Michael O'Brian and this fare looked like an apple pusher (an out-of-towner.) So Michael O'Brian thought that he would take this man for a little sight-seeing trip. So he started to ride him up Park Avenue, over the Queensboro Bridge, through Long Island, through Brooklyn. He came back on the Manhattan Bridge and when he got him to

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Grand Central Station the passenger got out of his car and he asked him how much was on the meter.

Michael O'Brian, in the dark, looked at his meter and it registered \$5.70 and that's what he told the passenger expecting a squawk. When the passenger heard that amount he said, "That's strange. The last time I took that ride the driver charged me \$6.20!"

***** 2 DOG AND ALL

Told by Jack Ryan.

There was a lady called up the Parmelle system for a cab. They sent out this call to the nearest stand. Well the driver, when he got to the door, rang the bell and the lady said she would be down in a few minutes. So he went to his cab and started to clean up. Whilst he was doing this a dog jumped in the back of the cab and he chased it out. So the dog ran up the steps of the house to the doorway and was joined there by another dog. Just at the moment the lady came out. The two dogs ran down the steps of ahead of her and both jumped in the back of the cab.

The lady got in. Thinking the dogs belonged to the Cady, the driver, closed the door. He took her to her destination and she paid him and thanked him. The two dogs got out and she went away and the driver went back to his stand.

This same lady called the company and asked for a cab again. She asked them please not to send the young man that drover her the day before. Although he was a very efficient and courteous driver she certainly didn't like the him idea of driving around in a cab with a man who carried dogs around with his whilst he was working.

***** ONE ON THE COPS.

Told by Ruby Moskowitz.

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This is one about those thick headed cops. He stops and asks me for the license and proceeded to take down the necessary information. When he got to the question of where you were born I would say "Czecho slovakia." The officer fumbles about, "Come on! Where were you born?" The driver gets serious, "Yes Czecho-slovakia." And then the officer, after a few seconds, hands him his license back and says , "Come on! get out of here. Don't fool around any more!" 3 'YONKEL' STADIUM

Told by Jack Ryan.

There's a guy over in Brooklyn the call 'Yonkel' Stadium. This is how he got that name. He's either a Russian or a Lithuanian. The way he tells it was that some man got in the cab and asked him to take him to the 'Yonkel' Stadium. He wanted to see the ball game. He didn't know where the 'Yonkel' Stadium was so he thought the best thing to do was to start at one end of the town. So he made his way down to the battery. After trying several places around that vicinity he came across the aquarium. There, after asking a policeman, he was put on the right way. When he finally arrived at the 'Yonkel' Stadium the ball game was over, and there was \$8.60 on the clock. Ever since then this guy has been called 'Yonkel' Stadium.

***** OFFSET SCREW DRIVER

Told by Sam Tafel.

I had a helper several years ago. He was the type they kid a lot. We used to send him for a pail of ampers, a basket-full of volts, a bucket-full of steam and so forth. One day I was working on a motor, an electric motor, on the switch. There was about two inches of space between the back of the switch and the wall. There was screws in there I had to get at and I didn't have the right screw driver, I needed a right-angle screw-driver, an offset screw driver. So he starts, my helper, and then stops and turns around and says, "No more of

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that baloney, boys, no more of that phony stuff! "I couldn't get him to go after it. I had to go and get it myself.

***** 4 "YOU SEE THAT LIGHT"

Told by Jack Ryan.

There was a driver picked a passenger up somewhere near Borough Hall in Brooklyn. And he was told to drive to a dock out in 32nd Street or 34th Street in Brooklyn to a ship. The passenger was drunk. It was a dark night, snowing and a lot of ice on the street. When they got to the dock the driver asked the passenger how far he wanted him to take him into this place. It was so dark he couldn't see. So the passenger said, "You see that red light out there?" There was a red light out there blinking in the distance. "Go straight ahead until you come to that light!" "The driver drove on and on until he finally went up the roadway and crushed through the ice of the river. The cab sank to its roof top in the river. The red light the passenger told him to drive to was on a buoy in the middle of the river.

***** WITH THE MECHANICS

Told by Jack Ryan.

A Driver: This is how the mechanics treat you.

I go into a garage and tell the mechanic "I'm in trouble. The engine spits." The mechanic tells you. "Well, spit back at it and get out of here!"

Told by Jack Ryan.

I was a mechanic at one of the Parmelee Garages in Brooklyn. A fellow told me his radiator was leaking. No water. So I went out with the wrecker and found him on Fifth Ave.

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and Seventh Street, Brooklyn. An L pillar was sticking through the radiator. He had hit an L pillar and pushed his radiator back into the dash board. It was leaking all right.

***** 5 ANOTHER TIME

Told by Jack Ryan.

There was a driver called in to say something was the matter with his rear end. The car wouldn't move. When the mechanic got out there to see what was wrong with it he found some of the fellows on this line were playing a joke on this guy. Whilst he was in the coffee pot they jacked up one wheel about a quarter of inch from the ground. He was sitting up in his seat wandering why in hell the car wouldn't go. Of course he couldn't see that little hand jack.